Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous, and it prickes like thorne.
Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love,
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love downe.
Give me a case to put my visage in,
A visor for a visor: what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities,
Here are the beetle-browes shall blush for me.
Ben. Come knock and enter, and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legges.
Rom. A torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senseleſſe rushes with their heeles,
For I am proverb'd with a graunsire phrase,
'Ile be a candle-holder and looke on,
The game was ne're so faire, and I am dun.
Mer. Tut, duns the mouse, the Constables owne word;
If thou art dun wee'll draw thee from the mire:
Or save you reverence love, wherein thou stickeſt
Up to the eares: come we burne day-light ho.
Rom. That's not so.
Mer. I meane sir in delay,
We waste our lights in vaine, lights lights by day:
Take our good meaning, for our judgement sits,
Five times in that, e're once in our fine wits.
Rom. And we meane well in going to this Mask,
But 'tis no wit to goe.
Mer. Why, may one aske?
Rom. I dreamt a dreame to night.
Mer. And so did I.
Rom. Well, what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lye.
Rom. In bed asleepe while they doe dreame things true.
Mer. O then I see Queene Mab hath been with you:
Shee is the Fairies Midwife, and shee comes in shape no bigger than an Agat stone, on the fore-finger of an Alderman, drawne with a teeme of little atomies, over mens noses as they lye asleep, her waggon spokes made of long spinners legges, the cover of

of the wings of grashoppers, her traces of the smalleſt spiders web, her collers of the moon-shines watry beames, her whip of Crickets bone, the lash of Philome, her waggoner a small gray coated Gnat, not halfe so bigge as a round little worme prickt from the lazie finger of a man, her chariot is an emptie Hasell nut, made by the Joyner Squirrell or old Grub, time out of mind the Fairies Coach-makers: and in this state shee gallops night by night through lovers braines, and then they dreame of love: on Courtiers knees, that dreame on Curſies straight; o're Lawyers fingers, who straight dreame on fees; o're Ladies lips, who straight on kisſes dreame; which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues, because their breath with sweet meates tainted are: sometimes shee gallops o're a Courtiers nose, and then dreames he of smelling out a suit; and sometime comes she with a tithe-pigs taile, tickling a Parsons nose as a lies asleepe, then he dreames of another Benefice; sometime shee driveth o're a souldiers necke, and then dreames hee of cutting forraine throats, of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades, of healths five fadome deep; and then anon drums in his eare, at which hee starts and wakes, and being thus frighted, sweares a prayer or two, and sleepes againe: this is that very Mab that plats the manes of horses in the night, and bakes the Elflockes in foule sluttish haires, which once untangled much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maides ly on their backes,
That presſes them, and learnes them first to beare,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is shee.
Rom. Peace, peace, *Mercutio* peace,
Thou talkſt of nothing.
Mer. True, I talke of dreames,
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine phantasie,
Which is as thin of substance as the ayre,
And more unconstant than the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen bosome of the North;
And being angred, puffes away from thence,
Turning his side to the dew-dropping South.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22326) LONDON, 1637 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.58) Octavo